

My First Christmas Eve Dance

(Written by a Jack Tar.)



WHEN me and my shipmate, Bill Bolthead, was takin' a little cruise ashore last year we each got a pretty, sweet scented note with R. S. V. P. at the bottom, requestin' "the pleasure of your company" at a dance on Christmas eve. Bill, who is well up in these things, told me them letters meant "Reply Sharp; Very Pressin'." So we wrote our replies sharp, haccceptin' "the very pressin' invitation."

Well, Christmas eve came round, and Bill and me rigged ourselves out in our best shore goin' togs and set sail for the dance. On reportin' ourselves we was mustered in a big cabin like a battleship's gun room, all tilted up with holly and mistletoe, and with the deck polished instead of holy stoned, and so slippery that I nearly pitched on to my bowsprit as I went through the hatchway.

"Vast heavin', Bill," I sez, comin' to an anchor; "this is worse than crossin' the bay in a gale o' wind," but Bill he kept forin' ahead, as cool as a middy in command of a dispatch boat, so I slipped my cable and went on full speed in his wake, sweatin' like a marine recruit goin' into haction for the first time. We was nearly the last aboard, for the cabin was pretty full, the men lookin' like restaurang waiters and the ladies all as smart as a cruiser squadron in raiubow rig.

Presently a fussy little chap, who I took to be the commodore, but who Bill said was the M. Sea man, though he didn't look as if he knowed much about the sea, came up and gave us both a pretty card with sailin' orders on, which Bill called a program. Then he passed the word to clear for haction, and a band on the quarterdeck aft struck up and the dancin' begun.

As I was leavin' against the bulwarks the M. Sea man came up and

ACTORS GIVEN ATTENTION

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It was one of these after the performance affairs that came pretty near putting a traveling stock company out of business in a town out in Iowa last Christmas. This theater, by the way, boasts of the only dog critic in existance. This comes from the fact that if the dog doesn't like a show he will start to howl, and he has to be removed from the theater before the performance can be continued.

Only a month before a well known concert singer was appearing at the theater. She had about finished one of her best selections when the dog poked his nose over the railing of an upper box and began to howl his disapproval. That led to the temporary banishment of the dog critic from the theater. But when the stock company came along the manager heard about the dog, and, willing to take a chance that the dog's judgment of his show would be favorable, he suggested that the dog be allowed to sit by a big well, which was a part of the scenic effect in one of the acts, just for the sake of realism.

Now, this same manager had concluded to give his company a dinner on the stage after the performance. In the course of the play the dog was brought out and tied to the well. Everything went all right until the dog sniffed the turkey and the other good things at the side of the stage, and without waiting for the finish of the act he made for the food, dragging the "heavy rock walled well" behind him.

This action on the part of the dog critic-actor disturbed things generally.



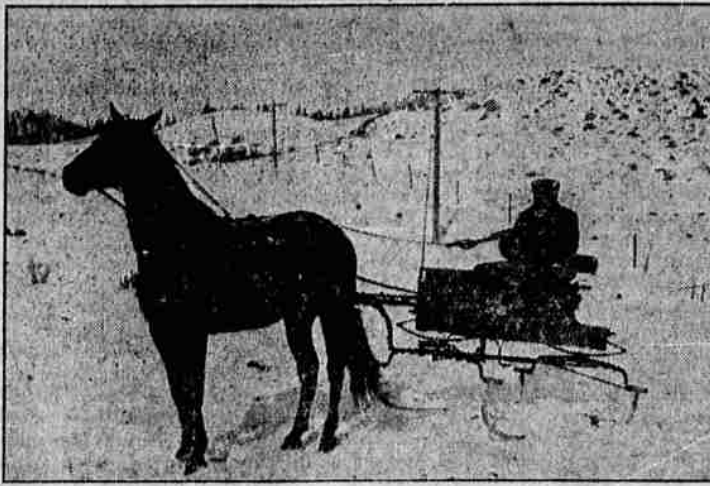
CHRISTMAS TREE FOR STAGE CHILDREN.

for the villain had just been arranging with one of his confederates to rid himself of the hero of the play by tossing him down the aforesaid well. The villain, after the laughter subsided, arranged his part of the plot by canceling the order to have the hero tossed down the well and instead to have him tied to a railroad track. However, the audience refused to take the play seriously after the well disappeared.

There is probably more real Christmas sentiment in plays that have to carry children as a part of the production than in any of the others. With these shows there is usually a Christmas tree between the matinee and the evening performance in which every one joins in and makes merry.

A hard lot is that of the actor who happens to be playing what is known as "the small time" around the holidays. "Small time" contracts call for three shows a day, and on Christmas day an extra one is usually added. A

CUTTERS POPULAR WITH LA GRANDERS.



For a period of three to six weeks cutter-riding is a real recreation in this city and county. Probably nowhere else in the country are so many buggy boxes and axes utilized for cutters in the winter time as in La Grande. The picture herewith shows Dr. P. A. Charlton, a local veterinarian and county stock inspector ready for the return trip to town after a professional visit to the country. "Doc" enjoys his cutter rides fully as well as anyone and he fancies good horseflesh and drives nothing else—witnesseth the animal pictured here.

vaudeville actor on "big time" probably has more time to appreciate Christmas—if Christmas really can be appreciated away from home—than any other because he is usually in the theater but an hour in the afternoon and an hour in the evening, and the rest of the time is his own unless the house manager has promised to "ask" him to go over to some club and entertain the guests at their Christmas reception. Of course the actor doesn't have to do this, but if the manager is of any standing at all in the vaudeville world the actor usually finds it expedient to grant the request.

But the man probably who spends the loneliest Christmas of them all is the poor advance agent—recognized on the program as business manager, advance representative or manager in advance. Unless the advance agent is close enough to his home town to "jump" for Christmas he usually gets a genuine attack of the simon pure blues. True, the advance man who has been on the road for any length of time can usually be depended upon to meet people he knows, but they are people who live in the town, and he usually finds himself dining alone when the time comes for him to eat his "Christmas dinner."

SNAPPING THE CRANBERRY.

Dinner Game Suggested, but Not Recommended.

This is a game to be played at the Christmas table. When the cranberry sauce is brought on each guest must place a cranberry on the end of a knife, holding the knife in the left hand with the right hand close behind the cranberry. At the word "snap," given by the hostess, the cranberry should be snapped with the first finger of the right hand at the target. The game shall be continued until each player has shot away all of his cranberries. The score is counted thus: Hitting the hostess with a cranberry counts one.

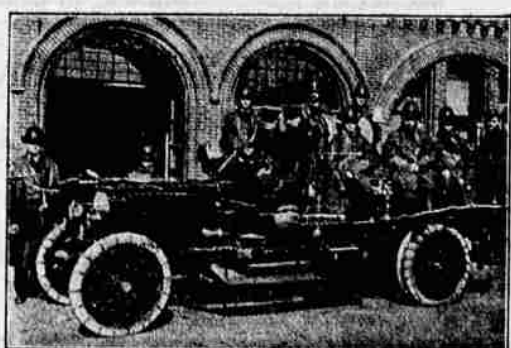
Hitting grandpa counts two; grandma, three; Uncle Will, four; Uncle Tom, five, and so on, depending on whom the guests and those around the table are.

A cranberry that goes on the floor is out of play, but one that falls in any person's lap or sticks in the hair or on a coat or dress can be picked up and played again. Anybody that hits anybody else squarely on the nose counts fifty to the lucky player's score. This is a highly diverting game and one that all will enjoy, especially the hostess. —New York World.

The Best Known Christmas Poem.

"Twas the Night Before Christmas"—those delightful verses that will charm both the old and young as long as there are stockings to be hung—was written ninety-one years ago, just before the holiday season, by Clement Clark Moore, then professor of oriental languages in the New York Theological seminary. It has become an American classic, and no Christmas day is complete without a reading of this charming little lyric that has lived and gladdened the Christmas tide for nearly 100 years.

LA GRANDE FIRST IN FIRE PROTECTION.



La Grande set the pace for Eastern Oregon cities in introducing fire equipment. Here are shown members of the paid department and volunteers of the La Grande department, grouped about the most advanced type of fire autos made. Chief W. A. Benham, Assistant Chief Garrity are in the wheel seat. The strength of the department is enhanced by the fact that two volunteers room in the department quarters and the instant that an alarm comes in at night the auto car is off with five men manning her, efficient in number to handle the chemicals and get water on the blaze as needs require. La Grande was the first Eastern Oregon town to introduce his method of fighting fires and the quality of the department has been growing better monthly. The city has a complete telegraphic alarm

Her Christmas Stocking



I'm specting such a lot of stuff,
My stocking won't be big enough,
And so before I go to bed
I'll just hang mamma's up instead.

Keeping Step with the Rapid Progress of Grande Ronde Valldy

Has always been our one aim. We were here before any wheat was raised on the Sand Ridge; we were here when Chief Joseph held forth at the head of Wallowa Lake—and with each year of improvement we have kept step and furnished the farm machinery which changed the Grande Ronde valley from a "cow" country to the richest agricultural section of the state.

We are still at it—still keeping step with you Empire Builders—you men who are really doing the development work in Oregon.

Continue to make our store your home when in La Grande.

Our wish to you is a Merry 1913 Christmas.

The Island City

M. & M. Co.